“The Big White House On The Hill”

There’s a big white house at the top of
the hill, We call it “home”, and we
always will.

It looks so lonely,
Just sitting there,
With nothing to offer,
Just memories to share.

I can see my daddy, as he bowed his
head and said, “Thank you Lord” for
daily bread.”

I can close my eyes, Any time and see,
The blue bird house in the old oak
tree.

The blue birds would come,
Every year in the spring,
To watch Mama and Papa,
On the porch in the swing.

Everyone is gone now,
It’s as quiet as a mouse,
There’s something wrong
At “The Floyd House”.

Dear God, as I make
my final plea,
If it can be your will,
Won’t you just let The
Children keep “The Big
White House on The Hill”?

Written by:
Maurine Floyd Berryhill
January l96~

I’m glad mama’s wish came true and the house is still in the Floyd family. Maybe Wayne will pass it down at his death and it can continue to be in the Floyd family.

Wyne lie Gardner
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